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THE LAST RELIGIOUS SCULPTOR?

EPSTEIN

By Wallace Tavener

"EACH one has his own Christ," replied Epstein to an astonished viewer of one of his Christ-figures.

Sculpture has always been a conspicuous mode of religious utterance. On occasion it is the most impressive evidence of belief, as with Classical Antiquity and India, and is sometimes the only evidence of it, as with prehistoric societies. There was a Hebrew interdict against it, and religious language was directed into the channel of words. The Puritans reverted to the same interdict after the great ages of Gothic and Renaissance art. We belong to that tradition that expelled the art but failed to retain the magnificent English of Cromwell and Bunyan.

In such a wordy age as ours it is surprising how arid and inexpressive words can become. Perhaps sometimes words fail to be as allusive, suggestive and inspiring as the plastic visible thing done in the round with a variable light playing on the contours and surfaces of a hard material.

In this country the condition of sculpture had a hard light thrown upon it in a famous competition and exhibition in 1953. The winning entry was cast to the ground and shattered by an appalled visitor to the Tate. The artist explained that the damage was of no consequence as the whole thing could be reconstructed from a couple of pieces of bent wire! Such abstract sculpture, recently the vogue, is, in itself, very interesting. But it is hard to believe that, since it has rejected all reference to the human form, it could ever produce religious significances.

Monumental Creations

Epstein, who did some of the greatest portrait-sculpture of any time, was too interested in humanity to be an abstract artist. Insofar as his concern was with the most imaginative human concepts he was a religious sculptor, and, things being as they are, the last.

His monumental creations sprang from a fascination with Biblical ideas and episodes. From these he could pass to more universalistic and pagan conceptions. "Jacob and the Angel" shows the titanic struggle of man with the divine power, that it is both struggle and love, the contest being indistinguishable from an embrace. That, of course, is the essence of the Bible story. To symbolise "Genesis" the artist went back to the most ancient modelled human figure known. The complaint was that this representation of the Mother of All Living was not lady-like, and was scarcely human. That was true of that work, and, surely, true of the Mother of All Living also. We cannot say what is the matter with those who were moved by a kind charismatic beauty in this thing, but I was one of them.

There is a notion that Epstein suffered neglect and non-recognition. It is not easy to put that notion beside the fact that from 1907 to 1948 Epstein has been commissioned to produce all the most important statuary in the heart of London. Indeed one can sympathise with the ecclesiastic who lamented that one had to turn to a Jew to produce the Christian monuments of our time. The recurrent episodes of outrage simply provided the notice, "Caution, Road Up. Original Genius at Work."

The Divine Theme

Epstein was always animated by conviction of the resurgent powers of nature and the spirit of man. This was the divine theme. And early the Gospel idea of the Resurrection worked upon him. His first Christ-figure was of the Risen Christ. This was during the prostration immediately after the enormities of the first world war. It was the proclamation of the revival of the human spirit, guilty but new-resolved. It is a lean-sinewy and very upright figure of Christ reborn out of death. It is very much a confrontation. The flung-back head is clean-shaven and close-cropped, of heroic tension, with an inviolable dignity and disdain. The tall, emaciated figure is bound tight with cerements, but the angular arms are free and one hand points to the other showing the huge gash of the nail. It is the reproachful reminder; at the same time a call to renewed manhood, an image of the undefeated, the nondemolishable.

> "I take my journey back to see my kindred,
> Old founts dried up whose rivers run
> Through you and me."

Wonderfully Uttered Prayers

In the stone colossus, "Ecce Homo," we have the Passion. It was done about 1934. The enormous rectangular block of stone generally retains its angular shape. The subject is Christ bound, wearing the crown of thorns. He is seated, the maltreated one, brow-beaten, bullied, ridiculed, condemned, yet, once again, containing the silent power of the inextinguishable spirit. Within the

box-like contours this image gives an extraordinary effect of compression. One thinks of a huge coiled spring, a bursting dynamo. One looks again and it is simply a solid square pillar of indestructible stability. The Greeks used to fashion supporting pillars in the human form—a practice whose taste I have always doubted. Here we see the sense of it. The Christian idea, though rejected and humiliated, remains the structural under-pinning of society; though condemned, the presence of the thought of Christ is the power of grace in our civilisation, and the Atlas-like bearer of its hope and promise.

"Consummatum Est" was done in 1937. This is something different again. This is the dead Christ. The body is prostrate. The spectator looks down on it. "It is finished." This was the time of the unthinkable betrayals leading up to the tragedy of Munich. Yet Epstein could not represent anything dead. The hands are raised. Powerful hands, wounded hands, but not dead. I had the impression of a log, a dead log with signs of life, and there came to mind the ancient thought of the dead divine hero from whose body there sprouts the germ of new life.

All these indeed are deeply felt and wonderfully uttered prayers for us all.

MR. SUBJECT-MAN

By A Visitor

LAST week I called my minister "Mr. Subject-Man" because it was through his Subjects advertised outside the chapel that I met him, and the congregation. It was odd to me, you understand, to have a man preaching on Subjects. And it was this approach to him which enabled me later to question him. I wanted to know why he was a preacher, what he believed, and why he chose subjects rather than a text.

I asked him all these questions in his house on the way to the river. (Now why have I written that? "On the way to the river?". I might just have left off at "in his house".) He was good enough to take me in. He was good enough to sit me in an old easy chair before an open french window looking on to a garden and there allow me to chat to him. But the river, ah yes, I'll mention that in a moment.

Well, he allowed me to talk to him. After some conversation I said I would like to write about him. He was a bit uncomfortable, but it was agreed that I could do so provided I properly disguised his identity. So if your minister should live near a river, and a very nice river, don't jump to conclusions, you may be wrong.

"Why did you become a preacher?" I asked.

"I don't know", he said, "there were probably dozens of reasons. I needn't go into them. But if I ask myself your question, trying to find out for myself, I am quite sure there was one dominating reason".

"What was that?"

"I wanted to become a preacher."

"Ah!"

"There you are, it doesn't satisfy you. Let me try to explain. I wanted to expound the word of God. That sounds pretty pretentious, but that is what, near enough, it all meant and means to me. I have to turn myself, if I can, into a mouthpiece for the mystery of God. Nothing else could satisfy me, that is why I am there, and why I am what I am. You will understand that I am talking pretty frankly with you and knowing that you will forgive me for what I say."

"Forgive you?"

"Yes. You asked me why I am a preacher, and I had to tell you. It is not particularly easy to say what I have said."

I could not help but agree with him, and I shifted slightly on the easy chair.

"What do you mean by God?" I asked.

I felt the banality of the question as I asked it. How could he tell me? He would have to use words, a few sentences, and those would have to tell me what he meant by God. The question was ridiculous. But not quite. This was not the first visit at which I asked it. We had got to know one another pretty well. And I questioned him knowing that words and sentences would not give the answers, but that somehow he would put himself into it. I had dared ask him why he became a preacher. He had been decent enough to answer me. He would be decent enough to answer this question also. That was where the river came in.

"I'll try to tell you", he said. He nodded towards his bookshelves. "There are plenty of books up their that would tell you what is meant by God. But you don't want the books, and truth to tell I don't want to hand them to you. In ten minutes from this room", he went on, "I can be on the banks of the river. I go down there sometimes in the morning when there is no one about, and I can lie on the bank and have it all to myself. I can watch the shimmering scales on the surface. Sometimes I can see a silver arrow made by a water-hen. I am happy and contented by the river, just because a small thing like a shining scale of light, or a quivering arrow made by a bird, stirs all manner of inexplicable feelings in me. Shall I say I know something, and something very deeply, just because I am able to look at those small but triumphant things.

"Well, I could extend that feeling, as it were, to include most of what I see. I can turn everything my eyes look on into a picture of mystery. And pictures, great ones, always have a mystery."

"You want to know what I mean by God? I literally think of everything a human being can experience in some such manner as I think of that shining scale of water, or that quivering arrow. My mind as it were conjures up colours, lights, dark spaces, deep, dark spaces; they literally symbolise for me—as words could symbolise—some overwhelming majestic picture, which includes everything I can ever possibly experience and have experienced, and within that picture of the mind, an absolutely real picture, I feel a life existing, in it and infinitely beyond it, which I call God."

"Well now"—the preacher held up his hand!—"that is not nature mysticism. I am only using that kind of language, which is very real to me, to describe to you what I mean by God."

"Let me get nearer the bone. I surmise that someone walking by Jesus of Nazareth on the shores of Lake Galilee would feel something of that in him. Or, what is equally a real surmise, someone after the death of Jesus, might have remembered walking with him there, and what it meant. Or again, someone might have recalled after his death the walk to Calvary, and by recollection brought all that into what, at times, must necessarily be a terrible picture. What I am trying to say is, that the hidden life, real just because it is hidden, which I have tried to describe by nature mysticism, comes into vivid and seen reality in lives in which it is incarnated. It is not incarnated automatically. There are not selected saints or persons in which the life of God is seen or revealed. God, as it were, is created by persons. There is a cooperation between the hidden life and those who are compelled by it and moved by it. Each person by whatever effort he can put into it creates his God, but it is the one God hidden behind the picture.

"About preaching", I asked.

"Yes?"

"Nothing, shall I say, practical? No moral help or guidance, what to do and how to do it?"

"Oh yes, but that is not the real thing for me. I did not become a preacher to tell other people what to do. I have to learn what to do myself. If I can learn that I can try to preach the word of God. That word is intended to reveal what I have described to you as the hidden life in the picture my mind chooses to create. That is the work of the preacher, if it is thought of as anything less than that then for me it is debased."

"How then," I asked, "am I to regard your function, or what you think your function to be, in relation to the priest or the clergyman?"

He got up from the chair and nearly tripped over my feet as he went to the window.

"If you write what I am about to say now you may disturb a good many Unitarians," he said. "But I don't look upon my task as anything different from that of the priest or the clergyman. Their life-long purpose is to mediate God to those who wish to see God. And at the very centre of everything they say or do in their religion is the act of community, or worship, when men try to see God together; and they have to try to do that through the man who by some reason of dedication tries to help them. That—God help me—is what I try to do, only I do it in the manner in which my whole life-experience, and the experience of those I try to help demand of me." He leaned against the lintel of the window. "It's not easy, you know."

"No," I agreed, "it is not easy".

I went down to the river. It was dark when I got there, and the water was very silent. But I could see it moving, and I could just make out a small branch floating on its surface. Gosh! I thought, supposing he is right, supposing a little thing like that branch floating on the water could tell me . . . .

Well, his subject next Sunday night is: "The Minute Particular." It is a quotation, I think, from William Blake.

WHAT IS MAN?

By A. Phillip Hewett

THIS is not one of the everyday questions which arise out of our common preoccupation with the practical affairs of everyday living. It is a philosophical question—a religious question—a scientific question—one that can normally be pushed into the background. We live in a world of things. We know how to manage and handle things. We know how to use the car or the vacuum cleaner; we can learn how to bake a cake or navigate a boat; we can understand, even, the usual ways in which people behave with whom we have to deal in our everyday affairs.

But this question comes surging up from the depths of the soul, at times of violent and seething unrest within—times when we are moved to question everything. It comes surging up when we have been knocked off our feet by events which have profound and far-reaching effects upon our lives. It may be asked under the influence of deep emotion, whether we ask it in wonder like the psalmist, or in irritation like Job, or in utter despair like so many of the present-day existentialists. It comes in combination with equally searching and ultimate questions about other aspects of life. What is life itself? What is God? if indeed there is a God? What is good and what is evil?

Men have wrestled with questions like these for countless ages. It would be folly to pretend that any fully satisfactory answers have ever been given. But it would be equally foolish not to recognise that some answers are far better than others.

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H. G. Wells once wrote a short story which told of a mathematician who observes the approach of a wandering star which will certainly destroy the earth. In the midst of the terror caused by the approach of the star he coolly proceeds to calculate the precise moment at which it will come close enough to the earth to destroy all life upon it. He cannot prevent the star from destroying him, but he can hold it in his hand, measure it, calculate its speed and destructive power. He therefore claims to be greater than the star which hurtling through space in blind unreasoning obedience, to the laws of motion.

Here we see an echo of Pascal's famous remark: "Were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this".

But is this all we can do? Pascal was right. Wells was right. A thinking being has elements of greatness not known to an unthinking being. But a man wants to do more than think, to contemplate his destiny and his doom. He wants to be able to act, to control. And can he do that? It is out of such questions as these that arises the basic question, What is man? How can man estimate himself?

Modern man in general does not turn to religion for answers. He expects no help from the pulpit or the catechism or the dogma or the scripture. He turns instead, sometimes, to the novelist, the dramatist, the man who clothes the nakedness of his pleading for answers with imaginative garments. Or he turns to the scientist or to the doctor with his questions. He may even turn to the kindly symbolic figures who dispense their answers to life's problems through daily columns in the newspapers. But his questions are unsatisfied. As fast as he comes to a reasonable decision on one matter, then he perceives another question which underlies it. It is like peeling an opinion. He never gets to the core, and the attempt to reach it is a very tearful process.

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How can man affirm himself in the face of this situation? How can he find what Paul Tillich calls "the courage to be?" There are, I think, two main answers: humanism and mysticism, and though they are largely alternative answers, I don't think they are incompatible one with the other.

The typical response of humanism is a call to the eradication of evils in the system. One is called to a crusade and in that crusade one's own inner conflicts and turmoils are forgotten. Man finds his fulfilment as part of a greater social whole, united in the sense of mission. "Once you can trap down a source of evil that can be attacked, you can deal with your own unquiet conscience by ceaseless activity in the cause of right. So Europe purged herself in the Crusades; so many a man seeks to purge himself in frantic church activity".

Unquestionably the most widespread and most successful form of humanism in the contemporary world is Marxism, dominating as it does the lives of a very considerable proportion of the world's population. It has shown itself to be well capable of giving an estimate of man, to answer the question, "What is man?" to the satisfaction of millions searching with hunger in their hearts. It has taught its devotees that history is on their side, and is working towards the destruction of capitalism and imperialism. It has given them a sense of acceptance and belonging and abolished the meaninglessness of life by showing the individual as part of a collective whole and part of one vast historial process. To quote Tillich again, "The strength of the Communists' self-affirmation prevents . . . . the outbreak of the anxiety of meaninglessness. The meaning of life is the meaning of collective".

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The other answer to the question is that of mysticism. This also asserts that a man, an individual human being, is not a self-contained entity. Man contemplating himself, analysing himself, soon becomes only too well aware of how infinitesimal and insignificant he is in the general scheme of things. He is secure only so long as he is absorbed in continuous activity. As soon as he sits back and reflects upon his activity he sees what little effect the tiny ripples of his actions can have on the surging tidal wave of history. Even without adopting a cynical, fatalistic view of life he can easily see the ultimate meaninglessness of all his doings.

That is—as long as he persists in thinking of himself only as an individual. Mysticism, like humanism, Marxist or otherwise, destroy the sense of an encapsulated self, and gives man a sense of belonging to a greater whole. This may be expressed in many different forms of language, depending largely on upbringing and philosophical habit. The Christian mystics have talked of union with God, or very often, with Christ. As Paul put it classically, "It is not I who live, but Christ lives with me". Here is the sense of absorption in a greater whole, an on-going whole, an eternal whole, which gave point and meaning to his life.

Yet it is not a complete absorption, and this is important. His own individuality was not destroyed. Indeed, we see in Paul what many of us would call an unhealthy brooding over certain aspects of his own individual personality. But the point itself is well made. What we need to give us an adequate

estimate of man is some view or experience, or both, which will involve each individual one of us in some larger whole in which we find meaning without at the same time encompassing the destruction of our own individuality, in which we find value. Marxian humanism cannot meet this second demand, though other kinds of humanism might. Pantheistic mysticism likewise may find it hard to meet this second demand. Other forms can.

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What then is man ? As an individual a man is incomplete, but stripped of his individuality he is also incomplete. He is ironed out flat. We have need of some sense of identity with that which is greater than the self and also, I at any rate am convinced, beyond the whole complex of selves which makes up the collective society in the contemporary world. If you ask for a definition of what lies beyond the complex of selves in the present and gives meaning to the whole, then I am at a loss for an answer. To use the traditional language of religion and call it God is only to substitute a name for mystery. It does not solve the mystery. And when we talk about what lies beyond our individual selves we cannot fail, nowadays, to be aware of how little we know about the limits even of our own personalities. What strange links with the worlds beyond ourselves do we maintain in the hidden recesses deep in the unconscious mind ?

I have given no clear-cut answers to my question. I don't think they are available to us. But I do think that the line of enquiry I have suggested is one which can and should be productive as we go on trying to make some sense of this mysterious human life within which our human destiny is set.

MUSIC DURING SERMON

(Contributed)

THE headline in one Edinburgh evening paper said " Many Churches have Festival Plans " and one paragraph told how at St. Mark's Unitarian Church, Castle Terrace there would be three "sermons with a difference" on the Festival Sundays. In the first of these, it said, " the church organist, Mr. L. J. Orr, will play fourteen minutes of music in the minister's sermon . . . . " And so he did.

We met first at his house and then at the organ many weeks ago to choose the music and time it. Later the words were written, the cues rehearsed, the hymns and tunes and other music of the sermon agreed upon in as happy a piece of co-operation between organist and minister as can be imagined. The advertisements made plain the special nature of the occasion and some extra newspaper publicity carried the news a little further.

Then on Sunday morning, August 23rd, we opened the church doors at the usual time and waited to see who would come. There were nearly sixty of our own members and they brought some friends and relatives to make the number seventy. There was a new family from America, Unitarians come to spend a year in Edinburgh. (They had looked up Unitarian in the telephone book and rang to find the time of morning service.) There was a girl from South Africa whom we had already met at Leeds, there was a young Australian man who just happened to be passing by, there were ladies from two of our Manchester churches, Unitarian ministers from Wales, England and Northern Ireland (and two of them brought German and Scottish friends with them) bringing the number to almost ninety. There were others who came and went as strangers ; in short there were nearly a hundred people and more than a third of them were visitors or strangers.

They sang with apparent enjoyment some famous hymn tunes, Old Hundredth, Kilmarnock, Wiltshire and St. Peter, and in the sermon heard some carol tunes, a piece by Frank Bridge, a Choral Prelude by Bach and part of an Organ Sonata by Rheinberger along with some few words of explanation and appreciation. In the whole service of little more than an hour there was more music than speech ; a larger contribution from the organist than the minister.

May we be pardoned for saying, with rejoicing, that it was a success ; the act of worship gave God something of beauty and gave the worshippers something of joy. The Festival had its official opening service of thanksgiving and praise in the High Kirk of St. Giles later the same day but, in our partisan moments, we like to think that we were not outdone !

The Church is being kept open for a part of each day and this is bringing many visitors, including some out-of-town Unitarians inside our doors. It has also brought a man who has been looking for a church which does not require a profession of faith from its members, and it has brought a man from the parish church across the road who had never seen the inside of St. Mark's before.

By the time this is read Edinburgh's thirteenth International Festival and St. Mark's special services will be almost at an end. Our second contribution is a sermon in four voices about problems of faith and belief in which three voices in the gallery will interrupt the minister's discourse. We will end with a sermon about religious poetry on September 6th and on that occasion the poetry illustrating the sermon will be read by the preacher's wife. We do not know who or how many will worship with us on these occasions but some, we are sure, will be Unitarians from elsewhere and we will be delighted to have them with us.

LETTER FROM HOLLAND

By Tom Wardle

LIKE the other lands of north west Europe Holland enjoys today a high level of prosperity. This is immediately noticeable in the well-stocked shops, the healthy people, the clean well-built flats, the latest-model motor cars and scooters. Though no doubt Holland's dense population has provided some of the spur and all of the labour to reach this impressive standard, nevertheless her eleven million sons and daughters create a problem for this tiny land. Though Dutchmen emigrate in tens of thousands each year to all parts of the world the population still expands far faster than it can be housed. Nowhere in the world is there such intelligent and artistic high-density housing as in Holland, yet the vast new towns of four-storey flats which spread near the industrial areas portend a new way of life for the families which come to dwell in them.

Practically nowhere in the new districts is there any private land ; only those who live in the bottom flats possess the privilege of a garden, planned recreation areas are laid out for each section of town, the streets are wide, flowers and trees are planted wherever possible. Yet it is not easy to escape the realisation that one is living in a massed concentration of people, with all the limitations on personal behaviour that that must mean, not easy to avoid a certain anxiety about the nature of human relationships and the quality of life itself in such a social situation. Everything that can be done to overcome any sense of dehumanisation in the new flat-towns is being done, and yet . . . if the population continues to grow like this ?

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As on the new housing estates in Britain so here too there are new churches a-building. Many of them are Roman Catholic, for the Roman Church is growing surprisingly apace in this country of solid Protestant and liberal religious tradition. However, there are many new Reformed churches too and superb examples of modern architecture they are. Holland has a richly-deserved reputation for effective contemporary architecture. One especially pleasing example of this is a recently constructed Remonstrant church in The Hague. The Remonstrant Brotherhood has connections with the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom which unites liberal churches throughout the world.

This new church stands off the main road in a middle-class suburb of The Hague, yet so delightful is its interior and so regarded its preachers that worshippers come from all over the city to the weekly service there, one only, on Sunday morning. It is of simple unadorned brick with high windows to catch the

sun on one side and large glass doors opening onto a church garden on the other. On the high wall facing the congregation is a tall cross set in two-colour mosaic against the austere brick. There is a modern wood pulpit and a stone font. The total effect is simple, serious and tasteful. I have often thought that our new Unitarian buildings might have been less pedestrian if those responsible for them had taken the opportunity to see some of the work of their Continental brethren before proceeding. This visit confirmed that view.

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On the morning when I worshipped at the suburban Remonstrant church we listened to an address by a woman minister that reflected the new influences in European theology. Though the theme was built around a text from the Fourth Gospel and there were many references to Christ, they were made in the way in which Channing or Martineau might have made them. The heart of the sermon was concerned with the real problems of existence and it was clear that the preacher was greatly concerned with the task of the minister, and indeed of the whole church community, in " the cure of souls ". All the prayers were addressed to God the Father.

The following Sunday I visited an older church in the city centre where a veteran Remonstrant scholar preached in a style reminiscent of Methodist preachers in England yet again with a distinct emphasis on the everyday problems of personal living and their relationship to the life of faith. Both churches were packed to the doors.

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Since the world headquarters of the I.A.R.F. are in The Hague I took the opportunity to pay a visit and have a chat with the Secretary, Rev. H. Faber. In a lovely old town house we talked about liberal religion and its progress in the world today. In talking with Continental theologians one is always given the impression that the Protestant Reformation is for them a much more dramatic epoch than for us in Britain. This is not unnatural seeing the different course that religious development took in Europe and England in the modern period.

The British are not a nation of theologians, they are too practical for that, but the valuable turn that their religious life has taken in the past has owed much to European learning. The ethical teaching of twentieth-century Unitarianism sprang as much from German theoretical theology as it did from the Gospels. Since the war there has been something in the nature of a theological renaissance on the Continent. Wedded to the down-to-earth attitude of British religious liberalism the penetrating thinking of European theologians may yet have something vital and purposeful to give to the world. I think we ought to extend and deepen our contacts with our friends in Europe.

A LAYMAN'S NOTES

By a Lay Contributor

I HAVE been amusing myself by jotting down the names of a few imaginary Unitarian organizations, and trying to envisage how they would look in the list of " Other Societies " on page 139 of the current G.A. Year Book. So far I have produced " The Unitarian Friends of N.A.T.O.", " The Unitarian Self-Defence Alliance ", " Unitarians for Nuclear Deterrence " . . . perhaps I had better stop there for a moment.

What's the point ? Well, the exercise came to my mind when I read a rather interesting letter to the Editor a few weeks ago from Mr. A. L. Blake. He was suggesting that it was inappropriate to use or display the word " Unitarian " except in direct support of the Unitarian Church : we had been pleased when that article in the *Sunday Express* called us " the religion that agrees to differ ", and we should live up to this description in fields of activity where religion tends to become merged in politics.

Mr. Blake's letter followed two earlier letters which had implied (almost as though no one could disagree) that (1) it was a reflection on Unitarians that, at an Albert Hall rally where 5,000 Christians had recorded " an unqualified condemnation of nuclear weapons", there had been no speaker who announced himself as a Unitarian, and (2) it was a great credit to Unitarians that the Unitarian Peace Fellowship (with the Quakers) had been the only denomination carrying a banner at a demonstration (of which the purpose was not disclosed in the letter) in Manchester.

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That is what started me off inventing these peculiar new organisations. I am far from saying that I would dream of joining any one of them if it existed. But . . . why *shouldn't* there be a body called " Unitarian Friends of N.A.T.O. "? Would it be unthinkable ? Would it be " un-Unitarian "? Would it be wrong ?

I am not arguing a case for the nuclear deterrent, nor a case against pacifism. Like many people, I have no cut and dried view on that tremendously difficult kind of choice. But what I am wondering about is this. Suppose a number of Unitarians who believed in the value of the exercise of the nuclear deterrent through N.A.T.O. formed a society for the purpose of propagating their viewpoint, would there be anything wrong in their calling themselves—if they wanted to—" Unitarian Friends of N.A.T.O.", or some such name ?

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For myself, I cannot see that it would be unjustifiable for them to do so ; certainly not while there was also in existence (as there now is) a body upholding the pacifist view and using the label " Unitarian ". It would at least make it clear that individual Unitarians can have widely differing views on public matters without ceasing to be Unitarians. At present, an outsider could easily get the impression that it was somehow more truly Unitarian to be a pacifist than to hold any other opinion about the most desirable way of avoiding another war. Does the movement as a whole *want* that impression to be gathered by outsiders ?

We should be grateful to Mr. Blake for making us think about this point.

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Coming back from church tonight on the top of a bus, we noticed that the new public house they have been building at the big crossroads must have got its licence at last. The doors were wide open ; the bars inside looked very full ; and the large car park was jammed tight with cars. At " closing time " all those cars will be wending their way homewards across the junction ; luckily there are traffic lights there, so the accidents, if there are any, will happen well away from the pub, and no one will think of connecting *them* with *it*. (By the way, I am not a total abstainer.)

Recently the *Guardian* published a chart showing the incidence of road accidents during each hour of the day. The steepest peak was reached at the evening " closing time " between 10 and 11 at night. And a doctor recently said that, in his view, at least 50 per cent. of road accidents occurred when one of the drivers had had something to drink. Strategically placed where an important north-south main road crosses a busy ring road, our new pub should do well, financially. How much will it do for road safety ? I can't help wondering.

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Incidentally, have you seen the excellent new posters carrying temperance propaganda ? At least, I suppose it's temperance propaganda. It's very effective, anyway. It depicts drinkers of draught and bottled beer conducting a kind of election against each other. The point seems to be that all the candidates, being beer drinkers, are made to look unintelligent, bad-tempered, worried, and generally in a bad way.

The names of the people doing the advertisements (very daring they are, to depict beer-drinkers in such an unfavourable light) are shown in small print at the bottom of the poster.

I've not been able to see who's doing it, as I've mislaid my reading glasses. Oh, here they are, I'll put them on. Let me see now. Hullo, it says, " Published by the Brewers Society ". Odd.

ART AND HUMAN AFFAIRS

By E. W. Martin

WHAT is the place of art in human affairs and what do modern thinkers—and artists themselves—feel about the nature and purpose of art ? This was the theme discussed by a group of Christian thinkers at Downside ; and the result is now published in *The Arts, Artists and Thinkers* (edited by John M. Todd (Longmans) 35s.).

This book is introduced first by Mr. Reginald F. Trevett who explains that the experience of the artist—poet, dancer, singer, painter, novelist and sculptor—was " intended to be the raw material of the whole inquiry ". Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*, follows with a valuable comment on " The Freedom of the Imagination ". He says that if we are to indulge our imaginations too wilfully then we run the risk of neutralising the value of ordinary good sense or of tact : " The artist will know infallibly just how far he can go in imposing his vision on other people ". Mr. Pryce-Jones cites books like *Finnegans Wake* by James Joyce and the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound as being examples of such imaginative errors.

In addition to a section by the artists—including the Welsh poet Saunders Lewis and the novelist Antonia White—there are three essays by historians who study origins, faith and works in medieval art and the problems of the modern age. Mr. Joseph Rykwert thinks that the artist is " a frontiersman of consciousness " and his job is to create a language in which new things may be said. There is no way in which anyone can sensibly ignore the visual language of the artist.

Six critics deal with their attitudes to the arts ; and the contribution on " The Mass Media ", by the poet and novelist Robert Waller, is of some interest. Mr. Waller was for some years senior producer of talks for the West Region of the B.B.C. He therefore writes out of a wide experience even if some of his ideas may seem a little odd to those whose business it has been to dig more constantly into this kind of soil.

Mass media makes demands, and Waller says : " We live in a secular society that has no philosophy of passion, little conception of society as subordinate to God, and not much understanding of the divine in the natural ". Robert Waller thinks that the mass media may ultimately kill the arts in Britain : " If they don't, it will be because our whole civilization has seen the light about its general philosophy of life."

It seems to me that Mr. Waller has not sufficiently thought out his position—and it was thought during the discussion that he had damaged his own case a little by exaggeration—but how many serious readers of this journal can affirm that there is not much truth in this statement of a very experienced and valued producer ? We need entertainment, but we also need art ; and the two may not be the same.

The last section of this interesting symposium contains contributions by those who desire to philosophise about the arts. An essay—very long and very pessimistic—by Vincent Turner, S.J., deserves to be read, and so in fact does the whole of this book. I don't believe that people who are Christians or who value the good life can ignore our cultural condition.

The growth of commercialism in the field of publishing is also a movement towards mass entertainment. The serious book is in danger of being pushed aside by the mountains of written matter designed to make all things easy for the reader. For such reasons the importance of the university presses increases. A book entitled *Primitive Rebels* by E. J. Hobsbawn has been published at 25s. by the Manchester University Press.

This is the kind of book, with a sound backing of scholarship and a twentieth-century accent in its historical vision, which most commercial firms would probably reject. Yet it is a work which serious students of social history will want to buy and keep. I have had as wide an experience as anyone of my age and generation in the reading of such works, and I can cordially recommend it.

Mr. Hobsbawn has worked hard, but he is modest. He hints at new ideas for exploration of the odd kind of social movements he is examining, but always one is aware of his deeply rooted sincerity as an explorer and finder.

Among his subjects are the city mob, *Mafia* Millenarians, Anarchists, Sicilian Fasci, and various Labour sects which had a relationship with the early Dissenting movements like the Quakers and Unitarians. It would be foolish to attempt to summarize a work of this sort, but it is enough to say that is a really exciting volume for those who want to become acquainted with the sort of historical scholarship which makes use of the power and insight which we should possess in this century. There is no desire in Mr. Hobsbawn to be apologetic for exactness and no wish to be needlessly antiquarian in his inquiry into the nature of human acts.

When he writes on " The Labour Sects ", for instance, this author makes us aware that he is a contemporary historian. He connects past with present, deepens our insight and earns our gratitude. Those who read what he has to say about the founder of the Labour Church, John Trevor, will also find that Trevor's name is connected with that of Philip Wicksteed who tried to help Trevor to find a niche within Unitarianism. This Labour Church had its principles, it was not " a class religion, but unites members of all classes working for the abolition of commercial slavery ".

That brief indication is no guide to the quality of a work which can be compared—although the author says it is slight and not mightily ambitious—with the work of G. D. H. Cole, H. N. Brailsford, R. H. Tawney, Asa Briggs, and perhaps I may add, with some immodesty, my own researches. In other words, this is original historical writing with real meaning for anyone who wants to understand the nature of the society in which he lives.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer", 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

Predestination

Sir : The doctrine of predestination, or any form of determinism, is morally so abhorrent that there is no wonder that people refuse to face its implications squarely.

Your contributor cites F. R. Tennant as saying that " some aspects of the universe must be accounted inevitable by-products of God's ultimate purpose, rather than the direct expressions of his will ". But a God capable of creating and sustaining the universe can scarcely be ignorant of the indirect implications of his ultimate will, and must therefore be held responsible for them. If we are wicked and therefore deserve to be damned, but are made wicked, we do not deserve to be damned. What sort of god is it that makes his creatures wicked and damns them for being so ? In any case, why this preoccupation with punishment and reward ? What valid evidence is there to suppose that we shall receive either ?

If we have free will, we are morally responsible. If not, we are not. The problem of free will versus determinism is an unsolved, if not insoluble, mystery. But its moral implications are clear.

Cambridge. Yours, H. A. J. Martin.

" The Bishop of Southwark "

Sir : Re. your editorial under the above heading. Surely the matter of Dr. Mervyn Stockwood versus Father Rice Harris boils down to something very simple. The Church of England is a Protestant Church " as by law established ", and it was so finally established by the Act of Uniformity of 1662, to which the present Prayer Book was a " schedule ".

The clergy of the Church of England enjoy a prestige peculiar to " the Establishment " which Free Church ministers do not participate in. But it is a prestige of " Protestantism ", not " Catholicism ". However, a large number of them, of all ranks, put out a claim that their ordination as priests in the Church of England is a " Catholic " ordination to " say Mass ", in the same way as a Roman Catholic

(continued on page 260)

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1959

ABERDEEN, Unitarian Church, Shiprow Street, 11 and 6 Rev. W. B. TAVENER
ABERYSTWYTH, New Street, Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE
AINSWORTH, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. GILL
ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Supply
BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. S. SPENCER
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 6.30, Dr. H. J. MCLACHLAN
BIDDELS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. R. TAYLER
BILLINGHURST, Free Church, High Street, 11, Mr. A. G. TARRANT
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, (Bushorough Road, 6.30 (September 13), Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON
BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARRIS
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road, Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Mr. E. E. LAWS
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. WEST
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. FRANK LOWE
BOLTON, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. SHERVELL PRICE
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30, Rev. A. J. LONG
BOLTON, Walmsley, 3.15, and Halliwell Road, 6.30, Rev. KENNETH WRIGHT
BOSTON (Lincs.), Unitarian Chapel, Spain Lane, 6.30, Rev. HENRY HALL
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. LAWRENCE REDFERN
BRADFORD, Broadway Avenue, 3.15, Supply
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK A. BELLOCK
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. WM. MILLAR
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES
BRIGHTON, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN ROWLAND
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. BENTLEY
BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. BENTLEY, 6.30, Mr. R. L. NICHOLSON
BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE
CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER
CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. RHYS JOHN
CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hammond Hill, 3, Mr. JOHN PICKSTON
CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Sunday School, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN M. QUIRK
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Devotional, 6.30, Miss B. HERFORD
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply
CHOWBENT Chapel, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN
COVENTRY, Great Meeting House, Holyhead Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Supply
CROWBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Harrowinge Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKIN
CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Road, 11, Children's Service, 6.30, Rev. J. P. CHALE
DENTON, Wilson Street Chapel, 11, Children's Chapel, 6.30, Rev. F. COTTIER
DERBY, Friar Gate, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Mrs. J. EVANS
DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Mr. M. THORNCROFT
DONCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11, Mr. T. H. JONES, 6.30, Dr. F. T. WOOD
DOVER, Adrian Street Unitarian Church, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. PHILIP C. WHITMAN
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. NORMAN KIRKHAM
DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. S. P. WHITEHOUSE
DUNDEE, Unitarian Church, 53, Constitution Road, 11, Rev. G. D. FOOTE
EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11, Rev. BRUCE FINDLOW
EXETER, George's Chapel, South Street, 6.30, Rev. Dr. F. D. MEYER-KLUGE
GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Supply
GLOSSOP, Fireclay Street, 2, Sunday School, 10.45, Rev. W. H. CORNELL, 6.30 Mrs. M. BONNER
GLOUCESTER, Barton Street, 3, Rev. JOHN M. QUIRK
GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS
HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. J. PRICE
HALIFAX, Northgate End, 3, Rev. FRANK WALKER
HARTFORD, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11, Rev. DENBIGH HILTON, 6.30 Mrs. MURIEL HILTON
HEBDEN BRIDGE, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS (also 11, 2nd Sunday in the month)
HEBDEN BRIDGE, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. S. P. WHITEHOUSE
HEYWOOD, Hanis, The Meeting House, 11, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY
HINDLEY, Free Christian Church, Market Street, 11, Rev. Bruce Findlow
HOLT, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. E. J. WILLIAMS
HOLYWOOD, Hanis, The Meeting House, 11, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY
HOVINGHAM CHAPEL, nr. Horwich, Lancs., 3, Rev. R. I. PRITCHARD
HUDDERSFIELD, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. F. W. BARR
HUNTINGDON, Church of our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. PHILLIPS
ILKLEY, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. JOHN GILL
INVERNESS, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 6.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON
IPSWICH, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. E. J. WILLIAMS
KINGSWOOD, Hanis, The Meeting House, 11, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY
KIVINGTON CHAPEL, nr. Horwich, Lancs., 3, Rev. R. I. PRITCHARD
LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, 11, Rev. Dr. F. D. MEYER-KLUGE
LEEDS, Unitarian Church, Blenheim Square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH
LEICESTER, Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. KENDALL
LEICESTER, Belgrave Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LONG
LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. RAIS. VINEY
LINCOLN, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. KENDALL
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Dr. P. N. TINDALL
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw Street Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. KER MURRAY
LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Rev. S. R. BUTLER, 6.30, Mr. P. G. BUTLER
LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Road, Everton, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. C. A. PIPER
LIVERPOOL, Hope Street, 6.30, Rev. S. R. BUTLER
LIVERPOOL, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. B. SHORT
LONDON, Hall Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LONG
LONDON, Bloomsbury Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. JOHN WILSON
LONDON, Brixton, Effra Road, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE
LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GRAHAM SHORT
LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Rev. T. E. DALTON
LONDON, Goldhawk Green, Hoop Lane, 11, Miss M. K. GARRY, 6.30, Rev. K. C. TREACHER
LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. R. E. GODDARD (also 11, 1st Sunday in the month)
LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Rev. DONALD P. MAY
LONDON, Highgate Hill, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. K. C. TREACHER
LONDON, Ilford High Road, 11, Rev. T. E. DALTON, 6.30, Rev. F. G. GREEN
LONDON, Islington, Upper Street, 7, Rev. A. V. FOX
LONDON, Kilburn Unitarian Christian Church, Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX
LONDON, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. JEREMY GORING
LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Road, Kenrick Green, 6.30, Rev. R. TAYLER
LONDON, Mansford Street Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. R. H. BARKER
LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. WALTER M. LONG
LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON
LONDON, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK (also 6.30, 1st Sunday in the month)
LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 6, Rev. T. I. JONES
LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. E. G. LEE
LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Ansdell), Channing Road, 11, Rev. F. W. DEALIN
MACCLESFIELD, King Edward Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. PETER JONES
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Rev. DENBIGH HILTON
MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Rev. DAVID C. DOEL
MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. L. MASON
MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Pastor D. MILLS
MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. MAURICE BONNER
MANCHESTER, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. HILL WARHAM
MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian Cross Lane, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Mr. F. C. MASON
MANCHESTER, Renshaw Street Mission, 6.30, Rev. JOYCE HAZELHURST
MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, (September 13) 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY H. KNIGHT
MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, Mr. PHILIP M. BROWN
MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL
MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT
MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31, Stockport Road, 11 each Sunday
MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Supply
MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 3.15, Rev. DAVID C. DOEL
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN STORER
NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. JOHN MATHER
NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road Church, 11, Mr. G. WILKINSON
NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Mr. SIMON RATHBONE
NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM
OLDBURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GORE
OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL
OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30,
PADIHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. L. HALLWORTH
PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON L. CLARKE
PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Church, Notte Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. KERSLEY
POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUNKLE
PORTSMOUTH, John Pounds Memorial Church, High Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. JOHN STURGES
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. E. J. WILLIAMS
RINGWOOD, Hanis, The Meeting House, 11, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY
RIVINGTON CHAPEL, nr. Horwich, Lancs., 3, Rev. R. I. PRITCHARD
ROCHDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. F. W. BARR
ROTHERHAM, Church of our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. PHILLIPS
SALE, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. JOHN GILL
SCARBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 6.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON
SHEFFIELD (Attercliffe), 6.30, Supply
SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Mr. W. E. BRIGGS
SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. DAVIES
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STANLEY WHITBY
SHREWSBURY, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Supply
SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. MAW
SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 6.30, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Darnley Road, 6.30, Supply
SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES
STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. R. BLACKBURN
ST. HELENS, Corporation Street, 6.30, Supply
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Wellington Street, 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS (also 11, 2nd Sunday in the month)
STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. C. SIMPSON
SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. L. BAKER SHORT (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
SWANSEA, Pennard Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Supply
SWINTON, Swinton Hall Road, 2.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL, 6.30, Rev. P. B. GODFREY
TAUNTON, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. WM. MILLAR
TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. G. KIBBEL
TODMORDEN, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, No Services
TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpelier Road, 11, Rev. CHARLES EASTON
TROWBRIDGE, Cowgate Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. S. SPENCER
WARRINGTON, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD
WATFORD, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (Last Sunday in the month)
WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11, Rev. F. H. SHAW, 6.30, Supply
WALSALL, Unitarian Free Church, Stafford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. WILLIAMSON, 2.30, Sunday School
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. R. J. WILLIAMSON
WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON (also 6.30, first Sunday in the month)
WHITBY, Flowergate, 2.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON
WILMSLOW, Dean Row, 10.45, Stval. J. Rev. A. B. DOWNING
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Prof. F. J. M. STRATTON

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priest, and that therefore they are justified in approximating the Church of England Communion Service as near as they like to the Catholic Mass! This claim the Bishop of Southwark has now blown sky-high. And who's to blame him? He is Bishop of Southwark because the State (represented by the "Crown") has so appointed him—*not* the Catholic Church.

You say that "publicity is a dangerous weapon for an ecclesiastic to use". But surely the Bishop of Southwark is not using the weapon "as an ecclesiastic", but as an officer of the state. The final authority is the High Court of Parliament.

Worthing. Malcolm Rutt.

Mazzini and Unitarian Friends

Sir: The Rev. B. Viney in his article in last week's *Inquirer* wonders what contacts Mazzini had with mid-19th century Unitarianism.

Clearly he had many friends amongst our members. William Shaen was one, another was my grandfather (S. H. Anthony) who during the 1840's was continuously having lengthy chats and lengthy games of chess with the exile. As a regular member of the Essex Street congregation under Mr. T. Madge, it is certain that religious topics were touched on, though I cannot vouch that Mazzini ever accompanied my grandfather to worship.

London, N.W.11 Yours, R. M. Anthony

A Prayer Used on the Sunday After Ascension

Almighty God, Full of Majesty and Sovereign Grace, we being before Thee hearts that have discarded in this hour all haughtiness. As a weaned child so our spirits look about beholding our home, which is Thy creation. Give us understanding hearts that we may see, as far as we are able, some meaning to the pain and wonder of living experience. To the wise the way of life goeth upward; we would have that upward vision. We think now of Jesus Christ who was elevated upon the cross, and thereafter ascended amidst the heaven-ward thoughts of men. We call to mind his heroic and compassionate teaching, his prophecies of hope, and the intuitions of greatness to which he spoke. It was he, of whom the world was not worthy, who because of his truth surrendered to the death of the despised. May that Christ who is in our hearts, and who ceases not to stir our nobler imagination, who was marred and broken, come forth at last after the flagellation and the crown of thorns, to appear before us with the chaplet of gold upon his brow and bearing the royal diadem of victory.

One Crowded Week

On the afternoon of Saturday, 25th July, a sweltering hot day in Edinburgh, a party of 15 young I.R.F. people travelled up from the south for a week of sight-seeing in Scotland and her capital city. The same evening, blessed with fine weather, the visitors were able to have a good view of the Beating of the Retreat on the Castle Esplanade. Sunday morning service was attended by all; then, after lunch in the church hall, our minister led a walk over Blackford Hill from which the visitors were able to see Edinburgh spread out before them. In the evening we had a conducted coach tour of the city, partly in sunshine, partly in rain. Monday was left free for walking, swimming, photography and shopping and an evening social made a happy ending to a pleasant, crowded week-end. The weather continued good for the rest of the week, although when we left Edinburgh on Tuesday morning for Loch Voil and Balquidder, the rain seemed to be doing its best to dampen our spirits. By the time we reached Balquidder, however, the sun was shining and macs. were being joyfully discarded. The next day we travelled to Tarbet, on Loch Lomond, where we spent the afternoon lying around in the sun till it was time for us to join the steamer which carried us down Loch Lomond to Balloch. Thursday was a free day and we made the most of the fresh air with walking and sailing. Friday found us travelling to Glasgow where we were met, fed, and shown around the University and Art Galleries by some members of the Glasgow church. Then we all had a truly magnificent meal in one member's home before going to the station to board trains for home—wherever it might be. Mary Halliday.

Holiday Accommodation

BOOK NOW for late holiday at "Normanhurst", the small, quiet and congenial Hotel recommended by Unitarians and others. Few vacancies for late September/October. From 7 gns., including full board, early tea, coffees, baths, fresh fruit, etc. Simple vegetarian fare if desired. No gratuities. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slumberlands. Two comfortable Lounges. Illustrated brochure and coloured town booklet free on request. NORMANHURST PRIVATE HOTEL, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Phone Hastings 4784. Best position on 3-mile Promenade, facing full south.

Miscellaneous

The Manufacturers and Wholesalers—S. & J. M. Haslam Ltd., 130/2 Derby Street, Bolton—could help your church funds with supplies of well-known household and personal textiles at cost price (sale or return) giving you a maximum profit.

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